



LET HER RIP.

One sunny afternoon last week,
I thought I'd take a ride,
And hired a nag they said was fast,
I'm sure she was when "tied."
My friend, Bill Spriggins drove the mare,
While I laid on the whip,
And shouted till I was quite hoarse—
"Billy, put that animated female projectile power
through—go 'lang—"

Let her rip!"

We stopped at Mill Creek on the road,
Of course we had to "smile,"
And give the expedition a
A drink and rest awhile;
We "lugged," when calling for the mare,
I tossed the man a tip;
I jumped into the wagon, and seized the reins, and
requested the Ethiopian individual who held the double distilled
essence of lightning in emphatic tones to—
"Let her rip!"

A chap who drove a large bay nag,
Seemed anxious for a "brush,"
So, whipping up our own fast crab,
We went in with a rush;
'Twas neck and neck a mile or more,
When his mare made a trip,
We guided by like lightning greased,
For having hired the extraordinary animal, we
considered that we had a perfect right to get the worth of our
money, and therefore—
"Let her rip!"

We drove along without mishap,
At least a dozen miles;
Stopping now and then, of course,
To take several smiles
At last we ran into a chap,
Who gave us too much lip,
The horse broke—the wagon too—pitching Bill and
myself into a ditch by the road side. "Bill," says I, "the mare
has run away." "Bill," struggling under the combined effects of
"lugar" and a mouthful of mud, exclaimed—
"Let her rip!"

DICK DARLING;
OR,
A SHORT AND A MERRY LIFE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

CHAPTER XI.

Dick Darling in the Toombs—Mrs. Dennison and Dymie Driscoll—
The Power of Love—A Woman's Sacrifice—Dick Released—The
Knife at Work—Flight of Dick and Lyme.

"Mr. Driscoll, I believe?" said a strange gentleman
to Lyme, as he left Lafayette Hall one night at eleven
o'clock, and crossing Broadway, was about to join Dick
by appointment in Bleeker street.

"Generally known by that name, I believe," was the
reply; "and you?"

"My name is McWaters—I have arrested to-night, in
my official capacity, for an extensive robbery, a young
man known as Dick Darling. He has been taken to the
Toombs, and for several hours I have been, at his desire,
in search of you."

Lyme's heart sank; the last enterprise of a dangerous
nature Dick had been engaged in, was the robbery of a
western merchant, whose acquaintance Dick had made,
and whose company he had been in for the week past.
This man, after visiting theatres, gambling houses, and
brothels with our hero, finally awakened, after a night's
orgie, to find himself robbed of \$1,500, watch, diamond
pin, and western land warrants.

Lyme cautioned Dick against attempting the sale of
the land, but he had rashly tried it, been discovered, and
arrested. Lyme and McWaters took a carriage and
drove to the Toombs, where they found Dick cool and
calm, awaiting them.

"By God, Dick, I'm sorry," said Driscoll. "I'm fairly
staggered. What in hell are we to do?"

Dick handed Lyme a note in a delicate female hand,
that he had received during the afternoon. Lyme ran
his eyes over it, and as he handed it back, said:

"How in the name of God does that affect your situa-
tion?"

"That letter," retorted Dick, "came from Mrs. Den-
nison—Nat's wife. You had better go to the Brandreth
House at once, and see her; she's no fool, and may aid
you. Go before twelve, and come to me in the morning.
Meanwhile, should she suggest anything about the deeds
(as they were found on me, and of course I had them)
and the possession of the dummy, can carry any trumped
up thing through, why, go home and get them."

Acting on this advice, Lyme drove home and procured
the watch and pin of Nat Dennison, the husband of the
gentle Emma, who had written to Dick that morning.
Then driving to the Brandreth House, he sent his card
up with Dick's name on the corner. In a few moments
the servant ushered him into the parlor, where the wife
of the robbed merchant sat. Mrs. Dennison was a plain,
unattractive looking woman of 35, but who was weak
enough to think she had awakened a great interest in
mankind generally, and desired to do so in Dick's bosom
particularly.

It took Lyme but a short time to make her understand
the position Dick was placed in, and but a little more to
make her believe that he was desperately in love with her
sweet self, and had appropriated the money her hus-
band was spending among loose women, only to be able
to offer a heart and his protection.

Mrs. D. sat and listened and sobbed, and accused her-
self of being the most wretched person in the world.

"What was she to do?"

"Make a heroic sacrifice," said Driscoll, "this magnificent
man loves you to distraction. Sacrifice yourself—assert
that you yourself took the property, with the intention of
leaving Dennison—you gave Dick the warrants to sell—
you have made away with the money, and you have the
watch and pin in your possession." So saying, Driscoll
laid both on the table by her side.

"I will," replied the fascinated Mrs. Dennison, "but
what will become of me?"

"Safe in his arms you can bid defiance to the world—
the love of a heart like his, is worth losing a world to
win."

So Mrs. Dennison and Driscoll sat and planned and
plotted till it grew so late that fearing Nat might come
home, he withdrew.

The next day Mr. D. was forced by his wife's confession
to withdraw the charge; and indignantly spurning the
recrunt Mrs. D., who had stolen his property and intended
to forsake his bed and board, according to her own
statement, Nat left the house, anxious to repair all his in-
justice to his friend Dick. He made a thousand apologies,
and sought every occasion of renewing the friendship
that once appeared to exist between them.

Dick and Lyme were keeping Bachelor's Hall in a
suite of elegant rooms on Broadway, and to these rooms
the deluded Mrs. D. came in pursuit of Dick, after finding
that Dick had not the most remote idea of coming after
her. Several unsuccessful attempts to see him she had
made, before this eventful night, so that, grown desperate
at the situation she found herself in—deserted by her
husband and made a tool of by Dick and Lyme—she this
evening, after being told by their servant that both gen-
tlemen were "gone to Coney Island," and she could prob-
ably "find them at Felter's," where people are mighty
apt to stay when they get there—but as both our heroes
were smoking at that moment, with their heels several
feet higher than their heads—why her wrath knew no
bounds when, pushing by the negro, she discovered the
deceit practiced upon her. Lyme quietly got up and left
the room as she entered, and the "woman scorned" com-
menced a bitter tirade, accusing Dick of ruining an inno-
cent woman, drawing her into falsehood and disgrace to
shield one she thought loved her. Unfortunately, as Mrs.
D. entered the room, her whilom husband started in the
same direction; and when, after her arrival in Dick's
room, he mounted the stairs, his steps were arrested by
his wife's voice in fierce and angry accusation.

He listened till he gathered from the miserable woman's
lips the fraud that had been practiced upon both—
till he was convinced that his friend was not only the
man who had robbed him but through whose means his do-
mestic peace was forever ruined, and his name associated
with disgrace. As he, even then on a visit of the friend-
liest nature, heard all these bitter truths for the first
time, his blood boiled with anger, and he rushed into the
room, to the utter consternation of his wife, the astonish-
ment of Dick, and the alarm of Lyme—who, re-entering,
saw the trouble that was to ensue. Loud and angry had
been the altercation between Mrs. D. and Dick, who was
rather amused than otherwise at her mortification and
rage. But the entrance of the duped and injured hus-
band gave quite another turn to things.

"You d-d swindler, you saved yourself from the
State prison by this poor idiot's folly—for which she is
punished," he hissed, "but a second time you shall not
escape. Your treachery, by good luck, is discovered,
and instead of sleeping to-night amid the luxury my
money has procured, you shall occupy your old quarters
on Centre street."

"Not through your means, at any rate," said Dick,
leaping to his feet as a sense of his danger, as well as
the insulting language of his victim, fell upon his ear.

"Not through your means," and he sprang past him to
the door—not quick enough for Dennison—who, a much
more powerful man, caught him, and dragging him back,
wound his hand in the narrow ribbon encircling the
handsome neck of the detected man, and threw him vio-
lently on the floor. Lyme rushed to the rescue, and as
he saw the amiable Mrs. D. opening her mouth with the
intention of yelling, he dealt her a stinging blow on that
organ, that completely tied her tongue during the next
hour. The infuriated husband had choked our hero till
his face was purple, and when Lyme struck him like a
sledge hammer on his temple, he released his hold on
Dick, and sprang up to meet Lyme. Dick, maddened
and blind with passion, drew a dirk knife he wore about
his person, and plunged it up to the handle in the side
of Dennison. With a groan, the wounded man fell forward.
Lyme, ever cool, trembled in spite of himself as he saw
the fatal act, and instantly urged the necessity of Dick's
immediate flight.

"Take the train to-night for Boston," he urged, "and
sail to-morrow on the steamer that leaves at twelve, for
Europe. I will prevent, if possible, this being known till
after that time, and you will be safe out of the country."

"And you, father, what can you do to avoid being im-
plicated in this murder—for murder I feel it to be?"

"Softly, softly, Dick, for the love of heaven don't trust
walls with that word. Let me think. I have it!—this
man may be wounded fatally, and he may not!—Lyme's
voice sank to a whisper—and the woman will recover
her senses presently, and the thing would then be out
d-d soon. Call Mason up, and send him of some errand,
that during his absence he may imagine our visitors have
left, and then we will not only tie and gag this couple,
but give them the contents of that chloroform bottle in
the side-board."

Acting on Lyme's instructions, Dick wrote a note to a
cher amie of his in Brooklyn, and sent their man to deliv-
er it; then joining his father, the two securely strapped
the husband and wife, and placed a gag in the mouth of
each—a ghastly spectacle they presented—the female's
mouth bleeding and bruised, and she herself in a state of
insensibility; her husband to all appearances dead, his
mouth opened to the full extent of his jaws by the gag
between his teeth and the shirt he wore saturated with
the blood that flowed from the wound.

Lyme and Dick, after this had been accomplished, bore
the unfortunate pair to a room used as a store-room, and
which was kept locked by the gentlemen. Then Lyme
brought the bottle of chloroform, and filling a piece of
bathing-sponge with the subtle fluid, bound it with a
handkerchief under the nostrils of each victim. By this
time the usual coolness of Driscoll had returned.

"Egad!" said he, "it'll be difficult to make out a pro-
gramme for their grave-stones, whether it's by fire or wa-
ter, 'flood or field' they gain the gates of glory, we've
treated them to such a variety."

"It's well enough to keep up your spirits, but wait till
we're out of this room at least, before you crack jokes,"
rejoined Dick, who was for once completely sobered by
the adventure of the night.

"Oh don't preach, you're not in Saugerties," said
Lyme, "but find out how the finances of this firm stand."

"Four hundred dollars tops," answered Dick.

"Enough, and not too much."

"As you say it enough, so to this crib for once and all
I say farewell," and gathering up a quantity of clothing,
Driscoll hastily packed two large trunks, and Dick went
out for a carriage. An hour from that time the night

train for Boston left New York, and among its passengers
could have been found Lyme Driscoll and his son.

CHAPTER XII.

Boston Again—Dick and Lyme on Board the Cunarder—A Warrant
—The Leap to Eternity—The Gallows Cheated—Conclusion.

Boston once more. Lyme and his boy, after several long
years of absence, were being jolted over the stones that
paved Tremont street, on their way to the Tremont House.
The relation that subsisted between them partook more
of the nature of brothers, and the only love that either
had ever known, they bore each other. And now, safe as
they considered themselves from all pursuit and detec-
tion, they spoke of their probable life in Europe, conclud-
ing that it was a piece of luck that had decided them
upon the voyage.

The stately steamer that was to sail at noon, lay puff-
ing at the wharf, the baggage of the passengers was al-
ready on board, and our two heroes, congratulating them-
selves on the near approach of twelve, stood on the deck
with Capt. Shannon—that glorious, warm-hearted fellow,
whose name will bring a good wish from all who have
enjoyed a personal acquaintance with him.

There was not more than ten more minutes of the hour
of eleven to be worn away, and our heroes would be safe.
As the last hours had approached, a nervousness they
had not felt before, took possession of them.

Capt. Shannon moved away, and Lyme said to Dick, as
he threw his cigar away, "How I wish this ship was un-
der weigh—I begin to feel restless."

"And I," said Dick, "have been so all day." More pas-
sengers coming over the gang way. "If the ship goes out
full it'll be all the pleasanter."

At this moment Shannon appeared at the companion
way with several gentlemen, and sang out, in his hearty
way, "Driscoll, friends to see you, gentlemen, sorry to in-
terfere, but fifteen minutes from now we must be off."

"Shan't detain any one five," said the foremost of the
party. "Mr. Driscoll, an order from the Chief of Police,
in New York, calls me here on an unpleasant errand.
For the murder of one Dennison, I arrest you and your
accomplice, Dick Darling."

The game was played. Lyme gave one hurried glance
mentally and bodily around him; the clouds of his fate
had gathered in threatening blackness above him. He and
Dick, his handsome, noble boy, whose daring he so ad-
mired, the doom of a murderer was his inevitable destiny.
The policeman touched him lightly on the shoulder, and
called to one of his force to find the baggage belonging to
the prisoners. As the word fell on the wretched ear of
our hero, he started as if a bullet had struck him, and
with the one name that he seldom addressed Lyme by,
that of "father," he sprang from the side of those who
had dashed his hopes of life and liberty so suddenly from
him, and jumped from the railing of the steamer. There
was a rush by all on deck to look at the fate of the suc-
cided, and Lyme, taking advantage of the moment, rushed
also to the railing, but not to look upon the loved form
he had held so dear; for while the excited beholders held
their breath and gazed, and those below flung ropes and
life preservers into the water, thinking the man overboard
was no suicide, there suddenly flashed in mid air, between
them the falling body of Lyme Driscoll; and as Dick rose
for an instant to the surface, the water parted at his side
to receive the last despairing soul that sought to perish
with his guilty boy. The dark muddy water closed above
them, and Lyme Driscoll found the death he sought, close
locked in the arms of his only son, Dick Darling.

THE END.

ANCIENT DEXTERITY.

One of the early kings of Egypt, being desirous to se-
cure his riches, commanded a treasure-house to be built,
but the architect, intending to have some share of the
treasure, instead of finishing the building completely,
placed one of the stones in so artful a manner, that it
could be taken out and put in by one man. As he was
prevented by death from accomplishing his design, on his
death bed he gave full instructions to his own sons how
to execute it. After they had for some time plundered
the treasury, and carried off large sums, the king, who
observed the gradual diminution of his wealth, without
being able to discover how the thieves had access to it,
finding the seal upon the door always whole, ordered
several strong traps to be left in the treasury. By this
means one of the brothers was at last taken; but, finding
it impossible to escape, he pressed his brother to cut off
his head, and retire with it, to prevent discovery. The
king next morning examining the success of his project,
upon finding a man without a head in the snare, hastened
out in the greatest alarm and confusion; he ordered the
body to be exposed on the outside of the wall to the
public view, charging the guards placed around it to ob-
serve the countenances of the spectators, and to seize
those who appeared sorrowful. The surviving brother,
urged by his mother's entreaties and threats of exposure,
formed the design of carrying off his brother's body.
Accordingly, driving his asses thither, laden with skins
of wine, he found means, by the stratagem of letting his
wine run out, to intoxicate and stupefy the guards. When
they were in a deep sleep, he shaved the right cheek of
each of them, by way of derision, and in the night carried
off the body on one of the asses.

This action still more astonished the king, who being
now more earnest to discover the thief, ordered his
daughter to receive the addresses of all suitors, prom-
ising, on condition that each should confess to her the
most ingenious action he had ever managed, and the
greatest crime he had ever committed. The young man,
resolving again to perplex the king, went to the palace
of his daughter, and confessed to her that he had cut off
his brother's head, and afterwards carried off his body.
When she then offered to lay hold of him, he stretched
out to her the arm of a dead man, which he had car-
ried in under his cloak, (suspecting the intentions of the
king) and while she had the culprit, he made his escape.
The king's resentment being now converted into admira-
tion, he promised a pardon and rewards to the person
who had robbed his treasury, if he would discover him-
self. The young man, upon this proclamation, immedi-
ately made himself known, and the king thereupon ac-
counting him far superior in dexterity to any man then
living, gave him his daughter in marriage.

TIMING EACH OTHER.—They have a story in Chicago
about a drunken captain who met a private of his com-
pany in the same condition. The captain ordered him to
"halt," and endeavoring in vain to assume a firm position
on his feet, and to talk with dignified severity, exclaimed:
—"Private Smith, I'll give you t' (hic) four o'clock to
gissobber in." "Cap'n," replied the soldier, "as you're
(hic) d-d, I sight drunkerniam I'll give you t' five o'clock
to gissobber in."

MARRIED.—Mr. John Strange to Miss Mary Strange.
Strange, indeed! The next thing may be a little stranger.

ANECDOTES OF THE HORSE.

Wild horses are mentioned frequently by the ancients.
Herodotus notices wild horses of a white color, which
were found on the banks of the Hypanis, in Scythia;
and that in the northern part of Thracia, beyond the Dan-
ube, there were wild horses covered all over with hair five
inches in length. In America, wild horses are numerous.
The author of the History of the Buccaneers says, that
five hundred are frequently met with in the island of St.
Domingo, and that when they see a man they all stop,
and one of their number approaches to within a certain
distance, blows through his nostrils, takes flight, and is
followed by the whole troop. The inhabitants, however,
train them with ease, and if any of them afterwards
regain their liberty, they never resume their savage
state, but permit their master to approach and retake
them.

In Arabia, horses are found in their highest perfection,
as little degenerated in their race and powers, as the lion
or tiger. To the Arabs they are as dear as their own
children; and the constant intercourse, arising from liv-
ing in the same tent with their owner and his family,
creates a familiarity that could not otherwise be effected,
and a tractability that arises only from the kindest us-
age. They are the fleetest animals of the desert, and are
so well trained as to stop in their most rapid course, by
the slightest check of the rider. Unaccustomed to the
spur, the least touch with the foot sets them again in mo-
tion, and so obedient are they to the rider's will, as to
be directed in their course merely by the motion of the
switch. In the day time they are usually kept saddled
at the door of the tent, prepared for any excursion their
master may take. They never carry heavy burthens,
nor are employed on long journeys. Their constant
food, except in spring, when they get a little grass, is
barley, which they are suffered to eat only during the
night. The Arab, his wife, and children, always lie in
the same apartment with the mare and foal, who, instead
of injuring, suffer the children to rest on their bod-
ies and necks without the least incommencing them;
the gentle animals even seem afraid to move, lest they
should hurt them. The whole stock of a poor
Arabian of the desert consisted of a beautiful mare;
this the French Consul at Said offered to purchase,
with an intention to send her to Louis the Fourteenth.
The Arab, pressed by him, hesitated for a long time,
but at length consented, on condition of receiving a very
considerable sum of money, which he named. The Con-
sul wrote to France for permission to close the bargain,
and having obtained it, sent immediately to the Arab the
information. The man, so poor as to possess only a mis-
erable rag, a covering for his body, arrived with his mag-
nificent courser. He dismounted, and looking first at the
gold, and then steadfastly at his mare, heaved a deep
sigh: "To whom is it," he exclaimed, "that I am going
to yield thee up? To Europeans, who will tie thee close,
who will beat thee, who will render thee miserable! Re-
turn with me, my beauty, my jewel! and rejoice the
hearts of my children!" As he pronounced the last
words, he sprang upon her back, and was out of sight al-
most in an instant.

The dance of animals, which was not unknown to an-
tiquity, admitted in the corps de ballet, dogs, bears, apes,
and elephants; but horses exceeded all the rest in the
gracefulness of their steps. Pliny informs us, that the Sy-
barites were the first who associated this tractable quad-
ruped to their ball. The experiment, however, proved
fatal to them, for in a war with the Crotonians, the enemy
having instructed their trumpeters to sound the usual
charge in a pitched battle, the horses of the Sybarites fell
to dancing, instead of advancing to the charge, and were,
with their riders, cut to pieces.

Ray informs us, that he had seen a horse which danced
to music, and at the command of his master would dis-
semble death, lay motionless, with his limbs extended,
and allowed himself to be dragged about till some words
were uttered, on which he instantly sprang on his feet.
This fact will not be doubted by those who have wit-
nessed the admirable equestrian spectacles at the various
circuses, where horses perform feats still more
extraordinary. Mr. Astley once had in his posses-
sion a remarkably fine Barbary horse, forty-three years
old, presented to him by the late Duke of Leeds. This
celebrated animal, for a number of years, officiated
in the character of a waiter, in the course of the perfor-
mances at the Amphitheatre, and at various other theatres
in the United Kingdom. At the request of his master, he
has been seen to bring into the riding-school a tea-table
and its appendages, which feat has been followed up by
fetching a chair or stool, or what else soever might be
wanted. His achievements generally terminated by tak-
ing a kettle of boiling water from a considerable blaze of
fire, to the wonder and admiration of every beholder.

Some time ago, a favorite old hunter, belonging to Jo-
seph Parley, Esq., of Taunton, being locked in a stable,
on hearing the noise of the French horn and the cry of
the hounds, began to be very restive; the hostler, going
into the stable, judged that the spirited animal wanted
some sport; he instantly put on his saddle, to which he
affixed a large living monkey, and turned the horse
loose, who, following the sound, soon joined the pack,
and was one of the first in at the death of poor Reynard;
but the amazement of the sporting gentlemen was great-
ly heightened by observing the monkey holding the
reins with all the dexterity of a true sportsman.

A CHINESE GAMESTRESS.—Madam Feh-chung-po, i. e.
old Lady Fat, in her youth was the wife of a tea mer-
chant, and, after her husband's death, lived in the most
distressing poverty for some years, inasmuch that she of-
ten attempted to make an end of herself—having come
into possession of a small house, sold it, and commenced
gamester. She was successful, and became famous among
all the Chinese gentlemen black-legs. She gammed either
with ladies or with gentlemen, and was liberal to the po-
lice, and daily increased in fortune, till she reckoned her
property, not by hundreds or thousands, but by hundreds
of thousands. However, Lady Fat was put in limbo.
The notable magistrate of Pwan-yu district had a prodig-
al son, who lost one night a thousand dollars in playing
with Lady Fat. He was chagrined, raised the wind, and
went to play again. Her ladyship was afraid of the
magisterial gamester, and refused. Young Hoo became
angry—laid a plot to entrap Lady Fat—had her seized—
tried to extort—failed, and was forced to show her up to
his father. The plot thickened—the father was enraged
at the discovery of his son's turpitude—resolved to pun-
ish all parties to the utmost rigor of the law—reported
to his superiors—imprisoned Lady Fat, whose official
friends stood aloof in the day of need, and there in
prison, according to all accounts, she died.

GOOD RECOMMENDATION.—"He can beat Russell's
time at Bull Run," said the owner of a long-legged,
fine-blooded colt, to a gentleman who had talked of buy-
ing him. "I will take him," was the reply.

THE RING.
FIGHTS TO COME

A FINE MILK HANDICAP which, from the celebrity of the competitors, had been looked forward to with great interest by the lovers and patrons of pedestrianism at Newmarket-on-Tyne, was brought to a satisfactory conclusion on September 11th. The seven entries for the handicap was composed of all the best long runners in England, their names being—John White, (Ipswich, scratch); E. Mills, (Lothian, 200 yards); Barker, (London, 250 yards); start; H. Andrews, (London, 300 yards); start; William Bell, (Selling, 550 yards); start; and T. Tait, (South Shields, 600 yards); start. The betting on the men was 6 to 5 against Barker, 2 to 2 against Bell, 2 to 1 against White, 4 to 1 against Mills, 6 to 1 against Andrews, and any odds against Tait. Rawan was not quoted, as it was understood he would not appear. After the judge and starter had taken their proper position, he formed the line in the following order—Barker, Andrews, Tait, White, Bell, Mills, and lastly, the favorite, John White. The race was a very close one at first, and in the second lap Mills and White put on the steam, and soon increased the distance of the longest start, and in the fifth lap Mills and White passed Tait, leaving him a lap behind. Barker continued forming the running with the intention of closing with Bell, but this seemed a difficult task for him, as each succeeding lap only brought him nearer to the goal. Barker, however, performed very well, and in the eighth lap, when he was nearly half way, he was overtaken by Mills (who ran side by side) leaving Barker, having gained the extra yard beyond the lap. The race now became very exciting. Tait ran in the order for nearly two laps, when the two little clipper stretched out, and left Bell about ten yards in the rear. After concluding the sixth lap, White pulled up. Lap after lap was traversed until the fifteenth, when Mr. retired, and a few more laps were run, until the seventeenth lap, when Andrews, who had been so severely ever since the notice of, began to show signs of overhauling Bell, as it now became known that Barker could not make up the distance. On entering the sixteenth lap, Barker, seeing all was lost, resigned the contest. Bell, at the time, being about two hundred and fifty yards in advance of him, and Andrews being only about thirty yards behind. Barker, however, did not give up, and he was seen putting on his boots, and even standing up with his arms up or six feet in front of his opponent; but Bell seemed to hold his mane as he so invariably went ahead again, and eventually went the winner by about ten yards, performing the distance in 25 min. 3 sec. Bell received £25 and Andrews £7.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

SATURDAY CONCERTS AT THE CENTRAL PARK.

The managers of the above place have recently devoted it to the sixth day of the week to concert; and to judge from the crowds that have attended, we should say that the experiment had already been remunerative. Of the advantages accruing therefrom to the visitors, there cannot be a question. The mind and the body share alike in them. First, there is the ride up town, then the inhalation of the purer air which is to be found in the Park; and added to these, the contemplation of pleasant objects, and the hearing of musical sounds, discoursed by an excellent band.

At the first blush, it may be thought that the advantages noted, as resulting from the Saturday Concerts in the Central Park, are confined to the comparatively few of ample means and leisure. It is true, that such persons are to be seen at the place and at the time indicated; but they are far from comprising the whole or even a major part of the assemblage. By a happy provision of many of our down-town store keepers, their employees are now freed from labor at three o'clock on Saturday afternoon. Through this, they are enabled to seek the recreation offered at the Central Park; and even in cases where a man is kept at his accustomed task the whole of Saturday, he can (and we rejoice to add *does*) send his family, as participants in a new pleasure and exercise.

There is no counting the advantages likely to result from this. The health of the elder and younger is improved thereby, and the mind cultivated. Thousands of boys and girls habituated to pass their Saturdays in the close streets of the city, in association with all their demoralizing and unhealthy adjuncts, can now visit the Central Park, and come back the better in consequence.

There are other benefits save those of health and refinement, which flow from these Saturday Concerts in a place where thousands can and do hear them. One of these benefits is a fusion of the different ranks of New York life. Though politically democratic, we are not socially so, nor is any community standing upon an artificial base, and maintained by artificial means. There are poor and rich with us, and people of varying modes of training. Heretofore these have been kept too wide apart. For the one, it has been the expensive Opera House or exhibition; for the other, no places of general resort, along with people more favorably situated than themselves. For a very long time, we felt the lack of such a place in or near New York, and regretted its absence; the same as we rejoiced when measures were first taken for giving to us the great desideratum of the Central Park. There, in all seasons of the year, the people mix together in thousands. For a time after the opening of this great lung of the city, it must be admitted that little episodes of disorder were enacted there, as it was scarcely possible they should not be. But since then, the good sense of the majority has interposed, and now the Park is a model of good order and decorum; while every day is adding to its attractiveness to the senses. A high destiny is reserved for it, in connection with popular welfare and the equalizing of the classes, towards which good ends, much has been already tried, but, in our opinion, nothing to surpass the Saturday Concerts, which have suggested our present article.

THE CHAMPION OAKMAN.—This question has been a mooted one, and has been discussed with considerable vehemence among the knights of the oak for the past year or two, and although the public have at length come to the belief, a belief in which we join, that Joshua Ward is the man, in consequence of his recent victories over first class rowers, and of the unaccepted challenge thrown out by him to Chambers, the champion of England, still it would appear that there are those who think differently among the knowing portion of the craft. Having this state of things in view, and with the intent of settling the question beyond peradventure, a correspondent transmits us his views, which we publish elsewhere, accompanied by a plan or series of rules, by which he thinks that end may be attained. They are addressed more particularly to the Empire City Regatta Club, and coming as they do, from one who is fully posted in things aquatic, we would endorse their general tenor, and call the attention of the gentlemen of the club, as well as oarsmen of the United States, thereto. It is possible that some alterations might be deemed desirable, but on the whole, we think the plan a good one, and as the question sought to be solved is an important one to the boat rowing community, the CLIPPER as the particular friend of that branch of sport, will use its influence towards the development of the proposed scheme, and the ultimate realization of the end in view. To this end we invite correspondence, and shall all be pleased to learn that the Empire Club will take hold of the matter spiritedly, as it appears to be this association to which the eyes of prominent boatmen are turned to make the first move. As Autumn is with us, and the days are being gradually cut off at both ends, promptness in action would seem necessary, if it is contemplated to have the question decided in A. D. 1861. The event, should it take place, will be replete with interest, and create great excitement. By all means let us have a champion regatta.

THE JOHN BULL LETTER WRITER IN TROUBLE.—Russell, the egotistical letter writer of the London Times, some days since, it appears, went on a sporting tour in Illinois, not having the fear of the law, either human or divine, before his eyes, saw fit on the 22d ult., to break the Sabbath, by going out for a day's shooting, at Wilmington, in the above named State, for which he was very properly arrested, and compelled to pay the fiddler to the tune of \$30. A pretty individual he, to give the British public a truthful idea of passing events in America—a Sabbath breaker! A pretty fellow he, to take the liberty of charging all Englishmen connected with the American press, with having left their country for their country's good, as he did in one of his recent letters—a Sabbath breaker! A Doctor of Laws! "Our Own" correspondent of the London Times to go shooting game on Sunday. What a pious Russell he must be! Instead of being fined a paltry thirty dollars, he should have had thirty days in the lock-up. In addition to the fine, it appears also, that he was put on his good behavior while out west, in reference to his defamation of the American character. On approaching Racine, while surrounded by his sporting traps, Mr. Russell was welcomed by an old farmer of the vicinity with, "We are glad to see you, Mr. Russell. Hope you will find lots of game. You can have all the game you want, but you must not make game of the American eagle out here." This address elicited the enthusiastic applause of the bystanders, and the redoubtable Doctor of Laws felt no doubt, the justness of the rebuke so good humoredly conveyed. It is to be hoped that the application of the laws that he has experienced in Old Abe's dominions, will doctor and effectually cure him of his evil propensities.

FIRE APPARATUS.—We have just had brought to our notice, and examined one of the most useful inventions for preserving and saving of life and limb of our noble firemen. It is the Patent Rope Reel of Rockwell and Schuyler, and is so adjusted to the Fire Carriage apparatus that when in full motion the rope can be lengthened or shortened at pleasure, thus obviating and preventing the almost daily death or injury (by the tripping by the slack rope) to that valiant class of our fellow citizens who risk so much to save the lives and property of the residents of our city. We hope the city authorities will speedily adopt this model invention and apply it throughout the entire fire department.

A COMPLIMENTARY CRICKET MATCH for the benefit of H. N. Barlow, takes place in Philadelphia, on the 7th and 8th inst. The contest will be between an American and an English eleven.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

CLIPPER CHESS PROBLEM TOURNAMENT.—This splendid collection of original chess stratagems, of the very highest degree of brilliance and standard of excellence, bound in an elegant 16 mo. volume, pp. 216, may be had at the CLIPPER Office or "Morphy Chess Rooms," for 75 cents, post paid. Edited by Miron J. Hazeltine, Esq.

ENIGMA No. 297.

[A "difficult stratagem" from Lond. Ill. News.]

BY G. M.—[GEORGE MEKLEY.]



White to play and give mate in four moves.

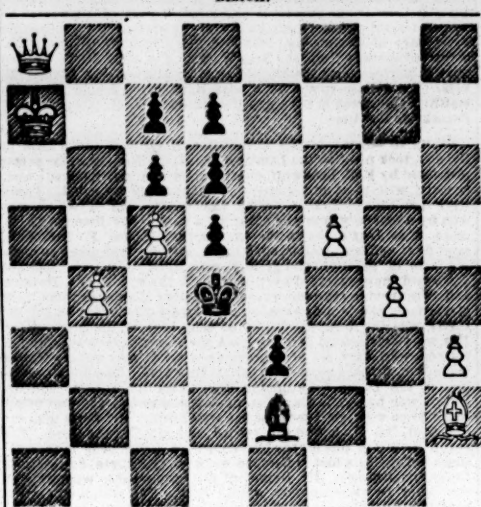
It requires exquisite beauty in another direction to reconcile us to such an uncharitable disparity of force; but this problem is beautiful and difficult in spite of this one repulsive feature.

PROBLEM No. 297.

"THE ZANY."

BY F. EUGENE BREKZINGER.

BLACK.



White to play and give mate in three moves.

GAME No. 297.

The fifth part of the late great match between Herren Kolisch and Andersen, in London.

BY LOPEZ KNIGHT'S GAME.

Attack.	Defence.	Attack.	Defence.
1. P to K4	P to K4	25. Q x Q	Q R x Q
2. K Kt-B3	Q Kt-B3	26. K Kt-B5	Q B x Kt
3. K B-K5	P-Q R3 (a)	27. K P x B	P-Q B4
4. B-Q R4	K Kt-B3	28. Q R-K sq	R-Q Kt2
5. Castles	K R-K2	29. R-K6 (b)	P-Q4
6. Q Kt-B3	P-Q Kt4 (1)	30. P-K B7	R Kt x P
7. B-Q Kt3	Castles	31. R x Kt4	P-Q B5
8. P-Q3	P-Q3	32. Q P x P	Q P x P
9. Q B-K3	P-K R3	33. R x R P+	K-Kt sq
10. Q-her2	K-his R sq	34. R x R P	B P x B
11. Q Kt-K2 (2)	Q-K R4	35. B x P	R-Q B2
12. K-Kt4 (3)	K R-K2 (b)	36. Q R-K6	K-hs B2
13. K-K5	K B-K4	37. Q R-K5	R-B3+
14. K Kt-K4	K B-K4	38. K-hs R2	R-H7+
15. P-K B4	K P x P	39. Q R-K2	R-Q B4
16. Q B x P	K Kt-K2	40. K-R4	Q-R4
17. Q-B3	K Kt x B	41. K-Kt5	Kt-Kt4+
18. B-Q Kt3	P-K B4	42. K-hs B2	K-Kt3
19. K Kt-B3	K Kt-R4	43. Kt-Q R3	R-Q B4
20. K Kt-R4	P-K B5 (c)	44. P-Q Kt4	R-Q B5
21. K-R4	K R x R	45. K-R6+	K-R4
22. Q x R	P-K Kt4 (d)	46. Q-R4	Kt-Q5
23. Q-her2 (4)	K R-K3 (d)	47. Q-R3	K-Kt3
24. Q-K B2 (f)	Q-her Kt3	48. K-K2, and Herr A. resigns.	

Notes.—(a) We do not approve of this line of play at this juncture. In the first place it compels B to go to the very square he most desires to occupy; and, secondly, by thus overreaching he thinks his Pawns on Q's side somewhat weakened.—Stanley

(b) Kt to Q5th would also have been a good move.

(c) With a splendid game.

(d) Fearing, probably, that his adversary would take the K R P.

(e) This appears to have been the result of a miscalculation.

(f) Upon this move the Defence relied, apparently, when he sacrificed his K B P, overlooking the fact that Herr K, could save the piece by quietly retreating his Q to a square whence she might give (ch).

(g) All this is admirably played by the Attack; his opponent's game is now much compromised, his K being very much exposed.

Herr K, is quite at home in positions like this.—Stanley

(h) It is obvious that had he taken the Kt, the Attack would have won easily by 24. Q to R3 (d), &c.

(i) We should have preferred R to K B sq. In answer, Herr A. took the Kt, then by taking R P with Q, and afterwards moving R to K B th, the Attack must have won in a few moves. Indeed, after 24. R to K B sq, it looks very difficult for the Defence to avert immediate defeat.

(j) Good; but Kt to K R5th would, we believe, have been still better. Herr Kolisch, however, plays the ending very skilfully.

Skirmish at the "Morphy Chess Rooms," between Mr. Lamport and our contributor E. Chamier.

PAUL HERR LUTHER COUNTER GAMBIT.

Mr. Lamport.	Mr. Chamier.	Mr. Lamport.	Mr. Chamier.
1. P to K4	P to K4	9. P-Q3	Q B to K5
2. P-K4	P-Q4	10. Q-K B3	K Kt sq
3. K P x P	P to K5 (A)	11. K Kt-K2	K B-K5
4. Q Kt-B3	K Kt-B3	12. Q P x P	K B x P
5. K B-K5	P-Q B3	13. K B-Q3	K Kt-Kt
6. Q Kt-B3	K P x P	14. Kt x P	K B x P
7. K B-K4	K B-K4	15. Q P-Q2	Q B x Kt
8. Q-K2	Castles	16. K B x B	

Defence announced mate in two moves.

(A) The only evasion of the King's Gambit that ever ought to be tolerated in a chess circle playing merely for amusement. This is entertaining, and at once leads to a game difficult and dangerous to both players. This is a favorite counter-attack with Mr. Chamier.

(B) Losing the game at once; he ought rather to have played K to Q5.

To this point the opening is instructive, however, and the parties are ably and accurately finished by our contributor.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER.—THE SECOND EDITION NOW READY.

We take pleasure in announcing that a corrected edition of the above named work is in the market. In the first edition there were a few typographical errors, which have been carefully revised in the second. Our former opinion of the work remains unchanged. We still regard it as the most instructive, voluminous, and useful treatise ever published. Price \$2, post paid to all parts of the U. S.

Copies mailed on receipt of price. Address FRANK QUINN, Editor N. Y. Clipper, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

CHALLENGE.—P. M. Harwich, wishes to hear from any of the "players" who would like to "try him on;" he writes that such may make it manifest through the CLIPPER. Don't all speak, &c.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EXPRESS, New York.—Will call at our earliest convenience. In the mean time, "let things lay." Many thanks for information; we were, however, aware that such was the case. There's a wheel within a wheel.

MARY E. M. Winoski Falls, Vt.—All right.

C. M. W., Peterboro N. H.—Have we got hold of the "proper handle" this time, eh? Very well, we'll keep hold. Positions on file for examination.

P. M. Harwich.—Obtain the book and judge for yourself. Send solution of your position and it will be examined. No attention given to positions unless a solution be forwarded. We never deviate from this rule. We presume some of our players will "try you."

OSCAR, Buffalo, N. Y.—P. M. H. writes that in CLIPPER of 24 Sept. at 15th move, if B play from 8 to 8 instead of 6 to 10, what would A "speak" say to that?

J. W. Swank, Mauch Chunk, Pa.—Stamps received. Elements of Draughts will be forwarded to your address at once.

L. OF THE W. Buffalo, N. Y.—Send us games that have not been published heretofore, friend L., please. We wish your address, as we wish to address you by mail.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 24.—VOL. IX.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. 5 3	2 9	6. 26 23	8 11
2. 27 31	18 27	7. 23 19	11 7
3. 31 24	28 19	8. 19 15	7 2
4. 3 7	9 18	9. 16 10	5 9
5. 7 14	4 8	10. 14 8	and wins.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 25.—VOL. IX.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1. 23 18	14 23		
2. 16 20	9 20		
3. 20 9	and wins.		

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 44th POSITION.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1. 14 18	30 26(A)	6. 15 19	20 16
2. 9 14	10 6	7. 13 23	26 22
3. 3 8	24 20	8. 23 26	16 11
4. 6 11	6 1	9. 26 23	11 7
5. 11 16	1 6	10. 20 16	and wins.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1. 23 18	14 23	9. 26 23	5 1
2. 18 23	19 16	10. 23 19	1 6
3. 9 14	10 6	11. 19 15	6 2
4. 23 27	6 1	12. 15 11	2 6
5. 14 10	30 26	13. 3 7	6 10
6. 27 31	25 21	14. 14 18	10 3
7. 31 24	12 6	15. 18 14	and wins.
8. 10 14	1 6		

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
7. 26 23	21 17	11. 19 15	5 1
8. 26 23	17 13	12. 15 10	1 5
9. 10 14	1 5	13. 10 6	and wins.
10. 23 19	16 12		

POSITION No. 26.—VOL. IX. THE 45th POSITION OF STURGES.

BY JOHN DRUMMOND * END-GAME.

BLACK.

WHITE.

Black to move and win.

* The above occurred in actual play.

MATCH GAMES.

Black—Acceptance. White—By-the.

10. 11 20 26 23

11. 8 11 20 26 23

Black—Mary. White—W. S. K.

7. 8 12 27 24

8. 16 19 23 16

9. 12 19

CLIPPER MATCH GAMES.

SYNOPSIS OF MATCH GAMES PLAYED THROUGH THE CLIPPER.

BY NEMO.

GAME No. 2.

THIS REFUGIO.

METEELS. HARRY. METEELS. HARRY.

1. 11 15 23 19 12. 9 14 17 13

2. 8 11 22 17 13 14 17 13 9

3. 9 14 22 17 13 14 17 13 9

4. 14 18 (a) 29 25 15 14 6 1

5. 4 8 26 23 16 17 21 1 5

6. 10 14 17 10 17 2 6 23 18

7. 7 14 19 10 18 14 23 27 18

8. 6 16 22 17 19 22 26 18 14

9. 5 9 17 10 20 6 9 14 10

10. 18 22 25 18 21 9 13 5 9

11. 15 22 21 17 22 25 29 9 14

White wins.

(a) 11 to 16 draws; 14 to 18 loses.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY COL. T. ALISTON BROWN.

NUMBER THIRTY.

JAMES HENRY HACKETT.

BORN in the city of New York, March 15th, 1800. At twelve years of age he was placed at Columbia College, where he remained for two years, when he renounced his original intention of studying law, and entered a counting-house. In 1819 he married Miss Le Sugg, then a popular actress at the Park Theatre, and retired to Utica, where he engaged successfully in trade; leaving Utica, he came to New York, where he commenced business. Remarkably active and enterprising, he was for a time successful in business; but eventually becoming unfortunate as a merchant, he adopted the stage as his profession, and made his first appearance at the Park Theatre, New York, in March, 1825, as Justice Woodcock, in Love in a Village. During the season he left the theatre and paid a visit to England, and was charged by his maternal and only surviving parent, to take steps for the establishment of his claims to title and estate to which he was lawfully entitled. Mr. H., however, returned to America without having taken any steps to ascertain the lawfulness of his claims. When he went the second time to Europe, his friends particularly charged him to solve the doubts that existed on the subject of his claims, by applying to the proper quarter. Mr. H. accordingly proceeded to Dublin (his family being of Irish extraction) and on application to the Garter King at Arms, to his great surprise, he was informed, that his testimonials were undoubted; that his progenitors, who were barons in their own right, emigrated to Holland, to fight the wars of the States General. Upon this hint Mr. H. sailed for Hague, in search of a man, who could give him the necessary information. This gentleman was Baron Von Hackett himself, upon whose demise Mr. H. claimed, as next of kin, his title and estate. Baron Hackett had no family, and so much pleased was he with his newly discovered heir, that he "knew no stories," that he accompanied him to America, and resided in a beautiful villa on Jamaica turnpike, about five miles from New York.

In 1829 he became lessee and manager of the Bowery and Chatham Theatres, New York. He had not been long in the profession before he was able to pay off all his debts he had contracted during his short mercantile life; and in the course of a few years he acquired a moderate independence. He has retired from the stage several times, and yet he continues every once in a while to delight us by his excellent representation of "Old Jack Falstaff," the favorite companion of "Prince Hal," who is fat all over, inwardly, outwardly, and physically.

Though in the full vigor of all his physique and intellect, Mr. Hackett, for the last ten years, has seldom been seen upon the boards, and may be said to have resolved his business more into that of an amateur than a professional actor.

Mr. Hackett's father was a younger brother in a family of the old Norman nobility which settled in Holland, had been an officer in the life guards of the Prince of Orange, resigned his commission and came to America for the benefit of his health; he married the daughter of Rev. Abraham Keteltas, of Jamaica, Long Island, a Presbyterian clergyman, of Huguenot descent.

Mr. Hackett has acted in London during the years 1828, '32, '45, and '61.

JENNY LIND.

BORN at Stockholm, October 21st, 1821; made her first appearance on the London stage, at the Queen's Theatre, Italian Opera House, May 4th, 1847, as Alice, in Robert Le Diable.

She made her first appearance in America under the management of P. T. Barnum, Wednesday evening, September 11th, 1850, at Castle Garden, New York. At five o'clock in the afternoon the excitement had nearly reached fever heat. At that hour crowds were seen coming from all quarters, who were assembled in the streets, and in the walls of this building. Facing the stage, and above the gallery, were the words in large letters, surrounded by leaves and flowers,

"WELCOME, SWEET WAKELER!"

At a quarter before eight o'clock, the orchestra—a mighty host in themselves—appeared on the stage; the leader, Mr. Bonnet, made his appearance, and was received with three rounds of applause. After the overture, Signor Belletti favored the audience with an aria, after which the fluttering of fans ceased. At length down the stage tripped Jenny Lind. One loud, long shout of welcome arose, that was fairly appalling from the volume of sound. The scene of excitement that ensued, bears all description. Ladies and gentlemen—the married and single—the young and old—rose to their feet, and for some time waved their handkerchiefs in a frenzied enthusiasm. Many of the ladies gave vent to their emotion in tears. During all this time, the Nightingale bowed very low, and as the bouquets came flying to her from all parts of the house—fast and furious—her situation became painfully embarrassing. Miss Lind commenced with the glorious Cantata Diva. Her voice was clear, rich, and powerful. She next appeared in a trio, a concerto for a voice and two flutes, and here she surpassed expecta-

tion. At times, her voice could not be distinguished from the flutes; but the crowning glories of the night were in the Swedish melody, so widely known as the "Echo Song." It is sung in the language of her own "Faderland," and in it she imitates with exquisite precision, the herdsman calling his cattle. At first the echoes come loud and clear, and then it dies away into an angel's whisper. You hear it on the mountain top and in the valley—swelling with the breeze, now gently dying with the power that gave it birth. Never before came such ravishing sounds from human lips! The applause which followed this song was absolutely terrific, and the stage was covered with bouquets. She finally concluded with Bayard Taylor's song of "Greeting America."

At the conclusion of the concert, Miss Lind was called out—she was called out at the conclusion of every song—she sang—to receive the renewed and redoubled homage of the audience; and how different was her response to these warm hearted greetings from the customary mode. Instead of swelling, smirking down the stage in all the pride of draped raiment and prima donnaism, she came running on—without the slightest ceremony—and as happy and as girlish as a child, and as much delighted to see the audience as the audience was to see her.

necessity of resorting to the puffing system, a system which is only pursued by those whose talents are of the mediocre order.

Mr. Power was about five feet eight inches in height, his hair and complexion both light, his eyes blue, figure remarkably good, though formed upon the Herculean rather than on the Belvidere model.

Independently of acting, Mr. Power had attained considerable fame as an author; contributed to Blackwood, and other magazines; whilst his novels of "The Last Hour," and "The King's Secret," and his impressions of America, may be classed among the standard works of the day, and his comedies of "Equette," and "Married Lovers," his historical dramas of "St. Patrick's Eve," and his farce of "Paddy Carey," have been decidedly successful, and have all the merit of being original at least, which, in these days of translation, is a consideration.

Next week, Chas. Matthews Sen., Chas. Matthews Jr., Lizzie Weston, and Mrs. McMahon.

BALL PLAY.

MUTUAL VS. ATLANTIC.—New York, this season, has regained somewhat of its old supremacy in base ball matters, three of the crack clubs of Brooklyn having succumbed to the New Yorkers, on three separate occasions, at Hoboken, the first victims being the Eckfords, in their match with the Eagles; the second, the Enterprisers, with the Mutuals; and lastly, the champion Atlantics, the last victory being achieved on the grounds of the Mutual club, at Hoboken, on Thursday, Oct. 3, in the presence of the most numerous assembly that has been collected together at any ball match this season. This contest had been looked forward to with interest by the ball playing community, and as the Mutuals had defeated every club they had played with this season, up to the 3d, it was fully expected that the match would be a well-contested one, and the chances of the Mutuals being successful were considered by their friends as being good, and consequently they invested boldly in betting, and were as boldly taken up on each occasion, by the equally confident friends of their opponents. The result has proved alike the uncertainty of the game and the good judgment of the backers of the Mutuals, for, after a closely contested game of two and a half hours duration, the Mutuals came off victorious, by a score of 23 to 18. This is a decided triumph for the Mutuals, who have thus done what no New York club has been able to do since the Gotham club played their second game with the Atlantics. Of the play of the occasion, we have especially to notice the really fine batting of the Mutuals, and the equally good fielding of the majority of their nine. In the former respect, the batting of Mott, Harris, A. B. Taylor, and Burns, was especially worthy of notice, the others also making good hits. In fielding, Brown decidedly bore off the palm, his fine play materially aiding the Mutuals to gain the victory. Hunt, at short field, was excellent, McMahon catcher; A. B. Taylor at left field—his right position—Harris as pitcher, and Mott at right field, all did their duty efficiently in these important positions. In fact, the whole Mutual nine played right up to the mark, there being but few misplays to be charged to them in this contest. Of those of the Atlantics whose play merits commendation in regard to their fielding, were Smith, at 3d base, and as short stop; Pearce, as catcher; Oliver at 2d base, and Joe Oliver in the field. The others occasionally made good plays, but were chargeable with frequent errors. In batting, all more or less were below their usual high standard, but of those who made good hits were Pearce, Smith, Oliver, P. O'Brien, and McMahon. F. Seinoth also made one fine hit to right field, but was well put out at 3d base from it. R. Seinoth was quite fortunate in reaching his 1st base on two occasions, and on another made his 3d on a bank. M. O'Brien was very unlucky; only once did he make his 1st base. In pitching, too, he was not as effective as usual. Mr. Pearce, of the Eckfords, ably discharged the duties of umpire, and by his impartiality, gave satisfaction to the large majority of those present. The crowd were well kept back by the members of the Mutuals, who were deputed to act as guards, and the order of the game was more orderly than we have yet seen this season. At the close of the game, the Atlantics and their friends were well taken care of by the Mutuals, in their usual hospitable manner, and the day's proceedings terminated in the most friendly manner possible. The result of this match materially adds interest to the contest between the Brooklyn and New York sides for the silver ball, which takes place on Monday, October 14th, and not on October 7th, the date having been changed from that suggested in our last issue. The following is the score:—

ATLANTIC.									
NAMES.	H.	R.	E.	R.	N.	N.	R.	E.	R.
Smith, 3d b.	3	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Pearce, c.	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Oliver, 2d b.	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
P. O'Brien, s.	4	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
F. Seinoth, 1st b.	4	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
M. O'Brien, p.	4	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Joe Oliver, 1st b.	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
McMahon, c. f.	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
R. Seinoth, r. f.	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total.	18	18	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

MUTUAL.									
NAMES.	H.	R.	E.	R.	N.	N.	R.	E.	R.
Brown, 2d b.	4	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
A. Taylor, 1st b.	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Hunt, s.	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
H. Taylor, c. f.	3	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
McMahon, c.	2	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Harris, p.	2	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Burns, 1st b.	2	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
B. Hart, 3d b.	2	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Mott, r. f.	2	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total.	23	23	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNING.									
	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Atlantic.	0	0	3	2	2	0	3	5	3-18
Mutual.	5	7	0	0	0	0	3	1	4-23

FIELDING.									
NAMES.	H.	R.	E.	R.	N.	N.	R.	E.	R.
Smith, 3d b.	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Pearce, c.	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Oliver, 2d b.	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
P. O'Brien, s.	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
F. Seinoth, 1st b.	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
M. O'Brien, p.	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0
Joe Oliver, 1st b.	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
McMahon, c. f.	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
R. Seinoth, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total.	8	11	6	25	0	0	0	0	0

HOW PUT OUT.									
NAMES.	H.	R.	E.	R.	N.	N.	R.	E.	R.
Smith, 3d b.	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Pearce, c.	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0
Oliver, 2d b.	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0
P. O'Brien, s.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
F. Seinoth, 1st b.	2	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0
M. O'Brien, p.	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Joe Oliver, 1st b.	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
McMahon, c. f.	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
R. Seinoth, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total.	4	7	4	2	1	0	0	0	0

Passed balls on which bases were run—Pearce, 4; Smith, 1; McMahon, 11.

Home runs—P. O'Brien, 1; McMahon, 1.

Struck out—H. Taylor, 1; Burns, 1.

Catches missed on the fly—A. Taylor, 1; Brown, 2; Harris, 1; P. O'Brien, 1.

Catches missed on the ground—McMahon, 1; Oliver, 2; Smith, 1; F. Seinoth, 1.

Times left on third base—H. Taylor, 1; Burns, 1; Mott, 1; Pearce, 2; Oliver, 1; McMahon, 1.

Time of the game—two hours and thirty minutes.

Umpire—Mr. Pearce, of the Eckfords.

Scores—for the Atlantic club, Mr. Moore; for the Mutual club, Mr. Kelso.

BASE BALL AT UTAH, N. Y.—A match was played there on the 14th ult., between the Whitesboro and Utica clubs, resulting as follows:—

UTICA CLUB.									
NAMES.	H.	R.	E.	R.	N.	N.	R.	E.	R.
L. Thompson, p.	1	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Porter, c.	2	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
McDonald, s.	2	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
M. Thompson, 1st b.	2	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Callender, 1st b.	3	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Harding, r. f.	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
McQuade, c. f.	2	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Mosher, 3d b.	2	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total.	33	33	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

WHITESBORO CLUB.									
NAMES.	H.	R.	E.	R.	N.	N.	R.	E.	R.
Williamson, 3d b.	2	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Symonds, s.	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Walden, p.	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Dyer, 1st b.	4	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Walden, c. f.	3	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Champion, c. f.	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Schwartz, r. f.	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Hall, 1st b.	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Gay, 2d b.	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total.	25	25	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNING.									
	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Utica.	3	7	2	4	8	9	0	0	0-33
Whitesboro.	3	9	4	1	5	3	0	0	0-25

NAVY VS. FOREST.—A home and home match was played on the 26th ult. at Brooklyn, between the Navy and Forest base ball clubs. Annexed is the score:—

NAVY.									
NAMES.	H.	R.	E.	R.	N.	N.	R.	E.	R.
Morrell, p.	2	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Ward, c.	2	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Clacey, 2d b.	2	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Martin, 1st b.	2	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Hicks, 3d b.	4	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Pones, s.	4	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Bennett, c. f.	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Martin, 1st b.	2	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Smith, r. f.	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total.	24	24	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

FOREST.									
NAMES.	H.	R.	E.	R.	N.	N.	R.	E.	R.
Watson, p.	2	6	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Edgar, c.	2	6	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
E. Hay, 2d b.	4	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
McMullan, 1st b.	4	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Merryweather, 3d b.	5	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Curly, c. f.	4	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Brown, s. s.	3	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Farrell, r. f.	3	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total.	35	35	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

BASE BALL IN PORTLAND, ME.—A match game at base ball between a picked nine from the Portland club, and the Bowdoin club, of Boston, came off on the grounds of the Sagamore club, in Portland, Me., Thursday, Sept. 25, and resulted, after a hard contest, in favor of the Bowdoin. The Bowdoin scored 25 and the Portland nine 14.

BASE BALL AT BUNKEE HILL.—A match game of base ball was played in Charlestown, Mass., on the 26th ult., between the Boyston club, of Boston, and the Unknown club, of Charlestown. It resulted in the victory of the former, the Boystons making 75 tallies to their opponents' 50.

THE RING IN BY-GONE DAYS,

BEING A RECORD OF
WELL-FOUGHT BATTLES.
NOW FIRST RE-PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER FORTY-SEVEN.

Cabbage, alias Jack Strong—His Battle with Ab. Newton.
Cabbage was matched with Ab. Newton, for 100 guineas a side, to fight on Kewton Downs, 18 miles from Bristol, on Tuesday, Sept. 29, 1819. Early in the morning, the roads from Bristol, Bath, Wick, Chippenham, Calne, &c., were covered with vehicles, "troting along the road," full of amateurs anxious to witness the above contest, which had been so much the theme of conversation and betting among the Fancy, both in Bristol and in London. Long before the commencement of the fight, upwards of 10,000 spectators had assembled upon the Downs. Cabbage, upon stripping, appeared in most excellent condition; while Newton, on the contrary, did not appear anything like so fine as his opponent. However, they were both favorites in turn, and at half-past one they set to. Cabbage was seconded by Tom Cribb and S. Pearce, a relative of the Game Chicken; and Newton, by Bob Watson and Cy. Davis.

Round 1. Much cautious sparring occurred between the combatants, when Cabbage hit his antagonist a tremendous blow in the neck; Newton faintly returned it, but fell. Bets 6 to 4 on Cabbage. The shouts of applause upon this circumstance were like a roar of artillery.

2. Newton seemed shy of his customer. Cabbage sprained his wrist against the stake, and Newton, by a smart left-handed flip, drew the crowd in profusion from his mouth. This, however, did not afford him any lasting advantage, as he again fell under the weighty blows of his adversary.

3. Newton seemed severely punished. He, however, rallied, and gave Cabbage a buff knock round, but did not follow him. This favor was soon returned by Cabbage; he rose on his legs, and hit Newton under the ropes. Odds 6 to 4 on Cabbage, but many of the knowing ones had burnt their fingers, and were therefore not to be had. The other rounds exhibited only a repetition of the same superiority on the side of Cabbage; until the

12th. When Cabbage brought a second blow on the neck to bear, and dropped like a bird.

13. Newton, with some pluck, presented himself, but was unable to stand against the boring-in of his opponent.

14. On time being called, Newton was brought up by his seconds, apparently insensible, and capable only of receiving the final salutations of his puissant antagonist.

Cabbage was declared victor amidst the hearty shouts of numerous abettors and friends, who pronounced that he was worthy of the name of Cauliflower. Cabbage, in this battle, appeared as tremendous a boxer as any pugilist of his time. He showed himself a decisive fighter, used both his hands well, and was confident in the extreme. He appeared evidently improved, exhibiting a better acquaintance with the science than heretofore, and won in first-rate style. Had Newton been trained, perhaps, to the highest pitch of excellence, it does not appear, from his display in the ring, that he was likely to have proved victorious. The old adage, however, of "always to be prepared for thine enemy," is here forcibly introduced; and it is the bounden duty of every pugilist, upon whom heavy stakes are betted, to be attentive to his training. Newton it seems, never left his home; this was certainly wrong, and dearly he paid for this seeming carelessness, as he never was able to change the fight once in his favor. The above contest was over in 14 minutes.

HOW BANK NOTES ARE MADE.

THE American Bank Note Company, located in this city, is the most extensive establishment of the kind in the world. It employs some of the best artists in the country in sketching designs. In some cases the artists send original sketches, but generally embody the ideas suggested to them. Darley's designs are frequent in our bank note circulation, and are at once recognized by those who are familiar with his style. The vignettes are combined with portraits of individuals, and the letters and lathe work which make up a bank note. The drawings are sent from the design room to the pictorial engraving department. The best artists are employed in this department, and there are fifteen men, each at his own desk, who work eight hours per day, and earn from \$2000 to \$4000 per year. Some of them work exclusively upon "heads," others upon human figures. In some cases a vignette which comprises landscape, sky, architecture and figures will pass through as many different hands, and the separate parts of the work, finished by artists, who have made that style a specialty, make the whole as perfect as possible; indeed, a first-class vignette, unless a portrait, is hardly ever completed by one hand, and a portion of it is "bit in" with acids, and afterwards finished with a graver. The portrait engravers become so skillful that they produce a perfect likeness from a photograph, painting, or engraving, and whatever work is in hand is given to the artist who is best qualified to make a finished picture of the kind required. All of the vignettes, and much of the larger work, are engraved on separate pieces of steel, from which proofs only are printed. These pieces are taken to the hardening-room, where two men who are experienced in handling steel, harden them, by heating and plunging them into water or oil. The hardened plates are placed under presses of enormous power, and are "taken up" upon de-carbonized dies of a cylindrical form, which are afterwards hardened, and are used to transfer the impression to the plates from which the notes are printed. Thus the work is doubly transferred before it is printed. The shading of the letters is done by machinery, and in this way also is executed that curious, complicated, and beautiful groundwork for the figures, and from which the tints on the face and back of a note are printed. Such is the accuracy and uniformity of the geometrical lathe work and cycloidal ruling, that it is impossible to imitate them by hand. The production of these lace-like figures is the result of a mathematical problem, worked out beforehand; so many turns of certain wheels will produce a certain figure, which can be multiplied by the transferring process indefinitely. The machines are very complicated and expensive, (though to one unacquainted with them, they seem cheap and simple), and require great skill and experience in their management and operation. There is shown in this department, a geometrical lathe, not twice as large as an ordinary sewing-machine, and less than half as noisy, which was three years in building, and cost about \$10,000. These machines are never patented, and the secret of their construction is worth more than a patent, and improvements and alterations are made from time to time, while their great cost prohibits their coming into general or improper use.

OCTOBER.—This month was called *Dominianus*, in the time of Domitian; but after his death it was, by the decree of the senate, altered to October, every one hating the name and memory of so detestable a tyrant. The Saxons called October *Wyn-Monath*, for, although they had not wines made as in Germany, yet, in this season, they had them from divers countries adjoining. Peachum describes October as clad "in a garment of yellow and carnation; upon his head, a garland of oak leaves, with the acorns; in his right hand the sign Scorpio; in his left, a basket of services, medlars, chestnuts, and other fruits, that ripen at the latter time of the year; his robes of the color of the leaves and flowers decaying." On the 3d of the ides of October, the Romans had a festival called *Fon-tinalia*, wherein they adorned their fountains and wells with chaplets.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE CARNIVAL.—At the close of the Carnival at Rome, it was formerly the custom to carry in procession a figure of a dead Harlequin, as emblematic of the cessation of the freedom and jollity of these Saturnalia. This practice, however,

"NO PENT-UP UTICA."

Everybody has heard the lines,
 "No pent-up Utica contracts our powers,
 But the whole boundless continent is ours."
 But very few people know the author, or in what poem they occur. They were written by Jonathan Mitchell Sewall, a New Hampshire poet, as an epilogue to Addison's play of "Cato," on the occasion of its performance by an amateur company in Portsmouth, in 1788. The spirit of the Revolution entered into every expression. We give a few lines:—

"And what now gleams with dawning rays at home
 Once blazed in full-orbed majesty at Rome.
 Did Rome's brave Senate nobly strive to oppose
 And boldly arm the virtuous few, and dare
 The desperate perils of unequal war?
 Our Senate, too, the same bold deed has done,
 And for a Cato armed a Washington!"

"Rise, then, my countrymen, for fight prepare,
 Gird on your sword, and fearlessly rush to war!
 For your grievous country nobly dare to die,
 And empty all your veins for liberty:
 No pent-up Utica contracts our powers,
 But the whole boundless continent is ours!"

THE ASTROLOGER'S PREDICTION.
FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY VOS.

Upon a bright September afternoon, in the fall of 1847, three well-dressed young men might have been observed gaily wending their way toward the western extreme of the city of Boston. They walked abreast, linked arm in arm, and were apparently engaged in some discussion of a mirthful nature, judging from the bilious laughter that was now and then so unrestrainedly indulged, in as to attract the attention of the passers by.

The two outside were of ordinary stature and light complexioned, while the middle one—who was by far the handsomest and most remarkable in appearance—was half a head taller than his companions, with large, black eyes; long, glossy, dark hair; and clear, olive face; adorned with a profusion of fine curling whiskers of a dark hue.

"Well, Frank, how much farther are we to go ere we behold this wondrous magician to whom the future is as plain as the nose on a man's face?"

"Half the length of this street," replied Frank—the tall one of the group—as they turned a corner and proceeded down the left side of "Lowell."—"Are you so anxious for the raising of the veil of fate that you ask?"

"Oh no, not that particularly, but I begin to feel weary after all this long day's trot, and would like to sit a little by way of variety."

"That expresses my condition and desire exactly," Frank chimed in his other companion; "bring us to this mysterious reader of the stars, as soon as may be, or my fate will overpower me before I get there."

"No sooner said than done," replied Frank—"right about 'face'!"—and they turned abruptly before a quiet, genteel-looking brick house, and commenced the ascent of a short flight of granite steps leading to a door decorated with an enormous silver plate, with "THOMAS LISTER, Boston Astrologer," engraved thereon.

"Now remember," continued Frank, "we must drop all banter here; nothing but the gravest decorum is allowable beyond this door."

"All right," replied his companions; "we will be as severely dignified as judges in black caps—pull the bell knob."

A short, robust, pleasant-looking woman answered the bell and invited them to enter, saying with a slight foreign accent, as she ushered them into what was ostensibly used as a reception room: "Take seats, gentlemen; the Professor will wait upon you directly."

This was the Greek wife of the Professor; he being an Englishman himself by birth.

They found the room already occupied by two ladies, who hurriedly dropped their veils upon the appearance of the gentlemen. Removing their hats, they sat down together upon a lounge and amused themselves, the faces of the ladies being denied, in inspecting the adornments of the room. The ceilings were covered with a pretty landscape paper, the floor with a rich soft carpet of a peculiarly deep, warm tint, and otherwise, the furniture was such as you might expect to find in any private parlor of a well-to-do citizen.

Presently they heard a measured step in the passage, and a man of unusual height and countenance appeared at the door. There was a look of sad, grave melancholy in his eyes, as he ran them over the faces of the three friends, that awed and fascinated them. Turning his attention from them toward the veiled ladies, in a voice full of melody and sympathetic sweetness, he said:—

"Will one of you walk this way?"

The tallest of the two whispered a sentence hurriedly to her companion, and went with him from the room.

After ten or fifteen minutes' absence, she came to the door again, and Frank was sure he heard a suppressed sob as she motioned her companion to join her.

"Ho, hum!" sighed he, as they disappeared down the street. "Some unpleasant revelations there sure. Don't you think we had better forego the ordeal, boys? What a pathetic tableau we three should make going down the steps together blubbering, hey?"

"Pooh!" replied Bently. "If you think there is any danger of your being affected to that extent, you can make discretion the better part of valor. I am entered for the race, and laugh or cry, shall run it to the end. I do not place any reliance upon star-brought lore, and shall not be the least affected by either the good or bad that may be predicted of my future."

"Nor I, either," replied Harwood; "curiosity brought me here; if I thought I was weak enough to be affected by anything that the seer may see fit to prophecy, I would take myself away instantly. Now I propose that we all go in together, if permitted to do so; what do you say, Frank?"

"Agreed! here the man of mystery comes."

"One of you will please step this way, gentlemen," said the Professor, bending his penetrating eyes upon them as he stood in the door.

"We would prefer, sir," said Frank, rising from his seat, "if just as agreeable to you, to enter the consulting room together."

"I have no objection," said the Professor, with an inclination "walk this way."

Following him toward the rear of the house, he ushered them into a large sky-lighted room containing innumerable maps, charts, and globes of the planetary system.

"Two of you sit here, if you please," said the Professor, pointing to where some chairs were standing against the wall, "and the other take a seat opposite me at this table," pointing to a table covered with antique looking books and astronomical instruments.

Harwood took the seat by the table. "Give me," said the Professor, in a solemn, slow voice, "the month in which you were born; the day of the month; the hour, and year."

Harwood did so.

After referring to numerous books, and making several astronomical calculations with his pencil, the Professor proceeded to read his past life, bringing the most remarkable events down to the present time with wonderful accuracy. Then he passed his hand over his forehead, with a troubled expression, saying, "I see indications of imminent danger threatening you near at hand. The line of your life is entirely obscured for a brief time, and then it becomes plain again. It will be well for you to use the utmost caution for a month to come, and avoid everything liable to involve you in peril."

This was not all he said, but it is all that affects this narrative, and we will pass over the rest, and consider Bently in the chair. After going through with nearly the same formula, and portraying the past incidents of his life with startling distinctness, the same troubled expression passed over his brow, and he said, "wonderful!"

here is danger, evidently of the same nature, crossing your path, and near at hand; but you also come out of it with life, although not without injury. Be extremely cautious in your movements for a month to come."

Frank Greenburn then seated himself in the portentous chair, and the Professor depicted his past life also, with the clearness and truthfulness of one who sees. When he came to the present time, a deeper pallor than before swept over his face. "Strange, strange," he murmured; "the same dark peril again; it involves all three of you, and out of it, unlike your companions, your line of life does not come; the stars predict nothing for you beyond. I should judge the calamity would be of a public nature, involving more lives than your own. Shun all crowded places, all large gatherings, as you value your life, for the four coming weeks; and especially avoid going together to the same places; because the calamity, if it comes, involves you together at the same time."

"Well, this is a pretty way to end a holiday," said Bently, as they reached the sidewalk, in a tone intended to be immensely jocose, but which was far the reverse.

"Confound the wizard and his witchcraft!" what do you think of it all, Harwood?"

"Why," said Harwood, soberly, "I don't know that I can define my feelings exactly, but as near as I can come, I should say I had been chased by a thousand black cats into a subterranean cavern, a thousand times blacker than the cats; what says Frank?"

"I have nothing to say," replied Frank; "had he prophesied the brightest possible future, I should not have credited one word of it, and I do not intend to let it influence my conduct as it is; although I must add I acknowledge myself impressed in an unaccountable manner. But see," said he, pulling out his watch; "it is half-past five, and I have an appointment for the very minute. You must excuse me at once. Of course we will meet as usual, to-morrow evening, and hereafter as the fates may decree."

Nearly two weeks rolled round, the three friends meeting nightly to discuss their pleasures. The astrologer's prediction, from being a subject of silent thought, became their open jest, and had almost slipped from their minds, amid the duties and amusements that absorbed their time.

The next day there was to be a pleasure-excursion from Boston to Bangor, by water, and Bently and Greenburn were discussing the propriety of going. Harwood having a business engagement that would not admit of his absence.

"Well, there is one consolation in the thought of leaving Harwood behind," remarked Greenburn, after they had settled the thing. "You know it secures us against the astrologer's prediction; as the peril will not consent to precipitate itself, unless it can involve all three of us at once."

"So it does," replied Harwood, laughingly; "and proves the truth of the old saw—'no great loss without some small gain'; the lack of his valuable company may secure us our invaluable lives; who knows?" The next morning Harwood accompanied his two friends to the boat, and after seeing them steaming away down the harbor returned up town to the establishment in which he held the position of confidential clerk.

"Ah! Harwood, just in time," said the senior member of the firm. "Go to your boarding house immediately and pack what wardrobe you will require for a day or two's travel, and return here at once for orders. We have just received a dispatch from Bangor indicating the failure of one of our heaviest creditors, and you must go and attend to our interest. You have just one hour before the express train starts; endeavor to make your arrangements so as to leave by that, if possible."

Arriving at Bangor, Harwood found, as expeditions as he had been, that he was too late to secure anything for his employers. Feeling chagrined and wearied, he took a light supper and retired for the night, thinking of the long thankless ride before him on the morrow. Early in the morning he was up and on his way to the cars, when he was somewhat startled at hearing his name pronounced by a familiar voice at his elbow, and turning abruptly, he beheld Greenburn and Bently staring at him, as though he was something awful and unearthly. After a hearty laugh all round, and an explanation of what brought him there, Greenburn and Bently would hear of nothing but that he must go back with them on the boat, which was to start in an hour or two. After considerable persuasion, and thinking how much pleasanter and cooler it would be than the hot dusty cars, his friends bore him off in triumph, and they were soon plunging their way out to sea. Nearly half of the journey had past, when the boat plied regularly between Portland and Boston overtook them, and they began to race. Carried away by the desire to be victorious, no one thought of the danger. Greenburn, Harwood, and Bently stood together upon the wheel house, waving their hats defiantly at the other boat, which was very close, and nearly abreast of them. The next moment they heard a terrible crash, followed by heart-rending screams, and were going up through the air in a dense suffocating cloud of scalding steam and splintered ruins. The boat had burst her boiler. Bently and Harwood were picked up by the other boat, insensible and horribly scalded, and they will carry the scars to their dying day. Greenburn was never found. He must have gone down with the ill-fated boat. Thus was the astrologer's prediction fulfilled.

ON FOOD FOR TRAINING.—Even the experienced trainers of the prize ring cannot always unerringly decide which is the best food for training men up to the greatest powers of endurance. They have a preference in favor of mutton chops and underdone beefsteaks; but it is by no means sure that it is the best. The Roman soldiers—who conquered the world, and built roads from Lisbon to Constantinople, and who were all trained athletes, marching under a weight of armor and luggage that few men in our day could carry—lived on coarse brown wheat or barley bread, which they dipped in sour wine. In our own day the Spanish peasants are among the strongest and most agile men in the world. He will work all day in a copper mine, or at the olive press, or at the wine press, under a hot sun, and then dance half the night to the music of a guitar. What does he live on? A piece of black bread, an onion, perhaps half a watermelon. You may see him dipping his piece of bread into a horn of olive oil, and then into some vinegar made hot with pepper and garlic, and he is happy. Sometimes he gets a draught of harsh, sour wine, but not strong. All the strong wine is sent to England. The Smyrna porter walks off with a load of eight hundred weight. His only food, day after day, is a little fruit, a handful of dates, a few figs, a bunch of grapes, some olives. He eats no beef, pork or mutton. His whole food does not cost him a penny a day. The most tremendous muscular force, and the greatest powers of endurance, may be nourished upon a moderate diet. We eat too much. Many people breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, supper—five meals a day, and three of them hearty ones. Our sanitary reformers have not looked much to the diet question; will they allow us to call their attention to that direction? The stomach is the centre and citadel of organic life. It is worth a little consideration, as well as the lungs and skin which depend upon it.

DUMAS A SAUSAGE MERCHANT.—Alexandre Dumas has turned pork merchant in Naples. His shop is in the most conspicuous and most frequented part of the town; it is gilded and furnished with great splendor, being adorned with pictures whose themes are taken from the works of the great romancer. His sign is "The Three Guardsmen;" and inside are beautiful girls selling sausages, hams, and tarts. These girls were at first dressed in fancy costume so contrived that they scarcely seemed to be dressed at all. So the young men of Naples, hastened to Dumas's shop to buy hams and sausages, and were unhappy because the police deemed it unnecessary for the purposes of the pork trade; that so great an affluence of charms should be displayed.

REVENGE.

"Oh, that the slave had twenty thousand lives; one is too poor, too weak for my revenge!"

It is commonly said, "revenge is sweet;" but surely it can only be so to those weak minds who are incapable of supporting injury. Revenge is the vice of fools. An elevated mind is superior to injuries, and pardons them. The Emperor Adrian meeting a man who had insulted him, before he had obtained the government of the empire, said:—"Approach; you have nothing to fear from me—I am an emperor."

The fanatic Felton, who killed the Duke of Buckingham, was so revengeful, that when he once called a gentleman out who had offended him, and was fearful that the superior rank of his enemy would make him refuse the challenge, he sent him at the same time one of his fingers which he cut off himself. "I would have him know," said he, "of what that man, who can cut himself to pieces, is capable of to revenge an injury."

An Italian, who had quarrelled with one of his neighbors, became dangerously ill; his physicians gave him over. It was told to his enemy, who immediately went to his house, and asked to see him; when he was informed that he was dying, he ran quickly into his chamber, saying to himself, "He shall not die but by my hands." When he came near his bed, he stabbed him and ran away. The sick man lost a great quantity of blood, but it produced the most happy effects, for it restored him to life and health.

Another Italian, who at the period of ten years after receiving an injury, was informed that his enemy, whom he had been seeking had gone to the East Indies; immediately went after him, and finding him in a situation unable to defend himself, assassinated him.

An Italian nobleman, who had a large park, wherein he kept a number of stags, ordered his servants not to kill any of them. One of them was so unfortunate as to break this order, for in endeavoring to get some other game, he, without the least intent, killed one of the stags which had concealed itself in the bushes. The poor fellow, dreading his master's anger, ran away, embarked for Genoa, and was taken prisoner by the Algerines. The Italian being informed, some time after, that his servant was a slave at Algiers, went immediately to Cardinal Janson, who was then at Rome, and desired him to write to the French Consul to ransom this unfortunate man, let the sum be whatever they asked. The Cardinal, delighted with this generosity, wrote immediately to the Consul, who ransomed the slave directly, and sent him to Rome. The nobleman thanked his eminence, paid him the money for the ransom, and some days afterwards ordered his miserable servant to be killed, whom he had only emancipated from the shackles of slavery, to be revenged on him for his disobedience, involuntary as it was.

Muret gives an account, in his letters, of an English lady, who, when she found herself dying, sent for her husband; and after endeavoring to excite his sensibility by a recital of her sufferings, she begged of him to pardon her in her last moments, for a crime which she had been guilty of towards him. The husband promising to grant her request, she acknowledged to have been unfaithful to his bed. "I forgive you," replied the husband, "and I hope I shall obtain forgiveness from you, for the harm I have done to you." The wife readily promising this, "It is," said the husband, "that knowing you to be guilty of what you have acknowledged, I have given you poison; it is the cause of your death."

A Frenchman passing through Damascus, on his return from Jerusalem, met a judge, who without the least cause gave him a violent slap on the face, and knocked him down. The Frenchman seemed to put up with the affront, but was resolved to be revenged. For this purpose he absented himself from the city for three years, applied himself to the study of the Turkish language, and when he had obtained a thorough knowledge of it, he disguised himself as a dervish. The dervishes carry a scimitar on one side, and a knife in their belts, saying, it is to enforce the observance of the commandments of their great prophet. Our false dervish returned to Damascus, where he assisted every day at the judge's audiences; this he continued to do for three years, waiting an opportunity to strike a final blow. One day hearing the judge pronounce sentence against an orphan, of whom some one unjustly demanded an estate, he approached the judge, and struck him so violent a blow on the forehead with his knife, that he fell dead at his feet. He then, without the least emotion, placed himself in his seat, observing, that the judgment which had been pronounced was unjust, and he would examine and judge the cause. Every one present consented, from the respect they had for him, and he gave judgment in favor of the orphan. The corpse of the judge was carried to his house, and everybody praised the assassin. The Frenchman, satisfied with his revenge, retired without the least interruption, and went to Tripoli, where one of his countrymen upbraiding him for wearing the habit of a dervish he confessed what he had done, and inconsiderately told him the reason. The circumstances being told to some Turks, they seized him, and examined whether he had been circumcised. On finding he was not, they conveyed him to Damascus, where our narrator, Vincent Leblanc, says he saw him executed.

In the apology of Herodotus, we read of an Italian, who though apparently reconciled with his enemy for several years, always retained a violent and secret hatred against him. One evening, when they were walking together in an unfrequented place, the Italian seized his companion behind, threw him down, placed a dagger to his throat, and threatened to kill him if he did not deny the existence of the Almighty. The other, after some time, and with much menacing, did as he was required, in order to evade the death which awaited him. The Italian no sooner heard the avowal that he demanded, than he plunged the dagger in his heart, and retired, vaunting that he had taken the most terrible revenge in the world, for he had caused both his enemy's body and soul to perish together.

VENTILATE YOUR BED-ROOMS.—If two persons occupy a bedroom during a night, let them step upon the weighing scales as they retire, and then again in the morning, and they will find their actual weight is at least a pound less in the morning. Frequently there will be a loss of two or more pounds, and the average loss through the year will be more than one pound. That is, during the night there is a loss of one pound of matter which has gone off from their bodies, partly from the lungs, and partly through the pores of the skin. The escaped material is carbonic acid, and decayed animal matter, or poisonous exhalations. This is diffused through the air, and in part absorbed by the bedclothes. If a single ounce of wood or cotton be burned in a room, it will so completely saturate the air with smoke that one can scarcely breathe, though there can only be an ounce of foreign matter in the air. If an ounce of cotton be burned every half hour in the night, the air will be kept continually saturated with smoke, unless there be an open door or window for it to escape. Now the sixteen ounces of smoke thus formed, is far less poisonous than the sixteen ounces of exhalations from the lungs and bodies of the two persons who have lost a pound in weight during the eight hours of sleeping, for while the dry smoke is mainly taken into the lungs, the damp odors from the body are absorbed both into the lungs and into the pores of the whole body. Need more be said to show the importance of having bed-rooms well ventilated, and of thoroughly airing the sheets, coverlets, and mattresses in the morning, before packing them up in the form of a neatly-made bed?

ACTING.—Mr. O. Kemble, in the early part of his theatrical career, played the character of George Barnwell, to the Milwood of Mrs. Siddons, and performed it with such feeling and powerful expression, that Mrs. Siddons repeatedly declared that the sympathy which his well-painted distresses excited, totally incapacitated her for the due exhibition of her own character.

How FLOYD FIGHTS.—The Columbus (Ohio) *Fact* says that the following alliteration is as good a description of Floyd's character as can be found:

F. F. V.
 Floyd Fled Vivaciously.
 Floyd Fleet Vagabond.
 Floyd Fleeced Virginia.
 Floyd Fled Vigorously.
 Floyd Fights Vagrantly.
 Floyd Filching Vagabond.
 Floyd Feared Vengeance.
 Floyd Fizzled, Vamoosed.

THE PRESS AND THE PRESIDENT.—Some one asked Mr. Lincoln if he had seen a certain editorial in a New York morning paper. "No," replied old Abe, "I dare not open that paper. I'd like now and then to see its editorials, for the fun of the thing, but if I do I'm seduced into reading its Washington dispatches, and then my sleep is gone for one night at least!"

SHOOTING.—Two members of the Stockton, Cal., Sportsman's Club, went on a shooting excursion a short time since, and bagged 106 doves inside of three hours.

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